2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

Chapter 12

SETTLING IN

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July 1934.

485 THE Aliábád bungalow is a good deal bigger than the ordinary
342 rest-house, for it was enlarged to make room for a resident Assistant Political Agent (whose post after a year was found unnecessary), and then two further rooms were added on to accommodate on occasion the Political Agent himself (who never stays there). There is a good-sized dining-room, with pantry behind; a double bedroom with a bow window; two single bedrooms; three bathrooms of the primitive dak-bungalow variety of course (one of which we at once earmarked for a "dark-room"), and a really handsome sitting-room with another bow window; finally—an unexpected and welcome luxury—a store-room with plenty of good shelves where we could stack our modest supply of stores and all our spare stationery. At the back there are the usual kitchen, servants' quarters, "stables," and what not. Everything was most scrupulously clean when we arrived, and for this we had to thank the forethought of our good friend the Mir. It happened that our old "head-boy," Nazar (already mentioned), was up from Gilgit on leave at his home in Aliábád, and the Mir bade him take charge and get the house ready as he thought we should like it.

000 He gladly took over for a few days from Dádo, whom we sent off to see his people. The poor boy came back to find that his mother and his grandmother had died during his absence. This hit him hard, and when we stammered our sympathy he murmured: "It is God's will." We were glad to hear that he has a wife and baby boy to cheer him. To show how much we appreciated his devotion on the journey up—which had far

to let you figure it out. I'm just telling you what I saw and what I think.

I admit that I would very much like to some day climb and find out exactly what those trees were, but Rakaposhi is one of the most difficult of all mountains on earth to climb. It took 23 attempts to conquer Rakaposhi. The first 22 attempts failed, but a British expedition succeeded in scaling her summit in 1958. One side is almost a sheer drop, so from that side I'll stay clear. Of course there wouldn't be anything growing there, anyway.

The ascent of Rakaposhi was accomplished by the British Pakistan Forces Himalayan Expedition, 1958. Captain Shah Khan, the Mir's uncle, was a member of the expedition. I quote from the account . . .

"Captain Shah Khan was a most important and useful member of the expedition. He personally selected our 6 Hunza porters, and being a Hunza man himself, in fact the uncle of the Mir, we hoped for great things from them. We were not in the least disappointed."

The expedition started May 12th from Gilgit and established a base camp on May 26 at 14,000 feet. It was on June 25th that two members of the expedition, Mike Banks and Tom Pattey, reached the summit, under terrible conditions of winds and drifts.

Varieties of shrubs in Hunza were more numerous. I saw a few wild roses just like any wild rose you see anywhere. The flower had a slight fragrance and was reddish-pink in color.

Then there was a plant that resembled barberry, except it had a blue berry instead of a red one. The berry was edible. I tried some and found the taste pleasing and sweet, but there was very little meat or pulp. It was practically all skin and seeds. It was much

their own land. They spin their own wool. Then they weave it into cloth from which they cut and sew their clothes. However he can also buy or trade for woolen cloth or he can have his own wool woven for him.

They have little or no money. The few dollars that he might get during the year would come from the expeditions that congregate in the area and hire the Hunzans as porters. And they are unsurpassed at this difficult and arduous work.

A man has a right to inflict corporal punishment upon his wife if she nags him. Perhaps that is why the men of Hunza have that cheerful look.

The children are never neglected because the parents are always at home. Further, the children do their share of the work in the fields and are taught to do so from early childhood. This also eliminates juvenile delinquency.

The people of Hunza have splendid dispositions. They are genial, pleasant, smiling and cheerful. They have deep respect for authority, profound love of the land, affection, compassion and understanding for their neighbors and they are most hospitable to strangers. They hold their heads high, their chests out and they are strong, honest and hard-working. To me this showed clearly and positively that people can live and that agriculture can exist and thrive without chemistry, chemical fertilizers, chemical sprays or synthetic medicines and drugs.

They enjoy happiness without modernization, long life without doctors, nurses and hospitals, democracy without bureaucracy, law and order without police and self-sufficiency without money. Part of the answer, if not most of it, is their loyalty to and their faith in their land, a pure case of unremitting agriculture and putting everything back into the soil which was taken

122 But now it was entirely different. I didn't regard the
437 snaky curves and loops with distrust and misgivings as I had the other day. In fact, then, I remember hating every turn I had to take. Now, with a good mount between my legs, I felt elated, happy, cheerful. Even though I started off riding, I knew that I wouldn't ride very far because I enjoy walking too much. But, still, it was mighty nice to know that you had a good horse in case you needed it.

From the start in the morning we knew it was to be a hard ride if we wanted to get to Chalt in one march. There was a full 32 miles to go. It was actually 36 miles but I figured the jeep had driven us 4 of them so that left 32.

[35] Neither Cec nor I discussed or mentioned it but I think we fully realized that, if we felt it was going to be too tough, we could stop off at Minapin which was but 15 miles away and would find the usual rest houses there. Yet, I couldn't see myself holing up at Minapin for the night. Why, we should be there shortly after noon, I figured, and I certainly had no intention of calling it quits then.

Besides, my recollections of Minapin weren't very appealing. It was the poorest looking and the dirtiest town of all we had passed through. We had stopped [485] for a few minutes at the rest house on the way up and it had proved to be a disappointment. We couldn't get anything to eat there and the chowkidor expected a handsome donation because we stopped there and, I believe, had a glass of water.

Then, too, I knew that this was the stage for us to make time, as we'd have more protection from the sun because there were more trees in this area than there would be further down. Villages dotted the landscape [361] as this was one of the more fertile districts and towns

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

Actually, I think this in many ways is a mistake. 122
Anything that you bring along for yourself on a trail like this should be kept for yourself and the reason is clear and obvious. On the trail both coming and going neither group of bearers or guides offered us as much as a nibble, whereas in every case anything that we had we passed along or shared with them.

The reason I contend this is wrong is simple. They are in their own territory. They know where food and water are available. I know, as I saw them procure it when they wanted it. In our case we were up against a stark, high, blank wall and had to ask for, drive for and pay for every morsel of food that we got on the trail.

If I were doing this selfsame job over again, I would plan my travels without worrying or consulting them one iota. Their opinions, their judgment and estimations are completely unreliable, when it comes to distance, time, height, depth, temperature—yes, and even dangers!

Now I'm not referring to the people in the category of the Mir or the P.A. or Jahangir. I am talking about the average citizen that one meets along the trails or in the towns or villages. While you are supplied with a 122
guide and bearer or bearers and you feel you can rely 485
upon them, they do not take into consideration that you are a stranger, a tenderfoot, and know little or nothing about the terrain and the place to which you are going.

I'm not trying to impress you with the fact that these people are ignorant because they are not ignorant. It is just that these things are beyond their ken and you must rely upon yourself and prepare accordingly. They have been ordered or hired to guide you to a certain defined place or to look after your horse and that is all they will do—nothing more!

122 485 This does not mean to imply that they are unreliable or unfriendly, because undoubtedly if you remained with them for any great time, you would become friendly with them and perhaps a feeling of camaraderie or loyalty would spring up. This belief has been confirmed by my conversations with people who have traveled through similar territories over longer periods. But in cases like this, where you hire a man for a day or two and you can't talk his language or make yourself clearly understood to him, the chances of getting any great amount of service are rather remote . . . that is, beyond the call of regular duties. In fact, I have learned and found that they will do only what they have to do and even getting this done will often take reminding!

122 The collapse of my friend on the first day out of Gilgit would never have occurred had we taken charge of the situation ourselves and stopped and rested every few hours for a few minutes, like any individual with common sense should have done. But we relied upon our bearers and guide. We were tenderfeet and stupid ones, to boot!

We were now beginning to feel like veteran mountaineers. It's funny how quickly a man can learn if his life depends on it. We weren't going to make the same mistake that we made coming up. This time we had no guide—just bearers—although Jahangir's soldier could be taken as a guide. In fact, he was probably better than most guides.

However, we were confident enough about the situation to carry on without any guiding or leading. I'm not trying to give you the impression that we were smart guys. It was just that we found out that there was no cause for fear or anxiety and once you beat that feeling, then you can go on through most anything.

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

From what I have learned about mountaineering, I find that this principle generally is true. When you know the natives and appraise and understand the country you are in, the rest is just a task. It may be a difficult one but a task that, with good management and a bit of luck, can be accomplished. 122

In this instance we had good horses—the best. Secondly, we knew and understood the regions through which we must travel. Then, we had prepared a bit of food. But on top of it all, we were masters of the situation and we were not depending on anyone else!

The worst part of the day was from about 10 A.M. until 2 P.M. After that the sun and heat slowly headed downwards.

It was about 1.30 when we went through Minapin. This is normally the first stopping place from Baltit. We'd been up and about and on the trail for almost 8 steady, heat-filled hours, but we never even considered the idea of staying there. [485]

However, this was where the owner of the pack horse lived—the one that Jahangir's guide had managed to procure at Kerimabad—so we had to unload it. Jahangir dismounted and the luggage and all the trappings were carefully tied to fit around this horse that the Mir had sent along as a pack animal.

I took no part in the proceedings. Jahangir and his guide, as well as the two bearers, did the job and they did it right, unlike our first experience when we left Gilgit. We hadn't gone a mile along the Gilgit River when we began to have trouble, and hadn't we been at least half awake, we would have lost some of our belongings.

Here it was different. Whether it was due to the fact that we had Hunzan bearers, as compared to Gilgitis,